therees Made Against White Plains' President. Who Is Boss Ward's Lieu-tenant—If He's a Deadhead, Off Goes His Head—Central Officials Don't Tell.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Sept. 9 .- The seething political caldron of Westchester has boiled over again. This time it has boiled over on the toes of the Hon, William L. Ward's political lieutenant, John J. Brown, the village president. At a hearing begun here to-day before County Judge Hatt Mr. Brown was formally charged with being a deadhead on the New York Central Railroad, through having ridden on a pass between this village and New York on or about Feb. 10. Senator Depew and other officials of the New York Central were witnesses to-day.

If the charge is proved, Brown is liable to forfeiture of office under the State Constitution and also liable to a year's imprisenment, \$500 fine, or both.

Mr. Brown's friends say that his political enemies, who are Republicans dissatisfied with political affairs in Westchester, have trumped up the charge. They do not believe anything will come of the investigation detrimental to Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown, it might be explained, besides being village president, an office which he has held for two years, is now and has been for some time the secretary of the Republican county committee, of which the chairman and boss is the Hon. Bill Ward, Gov. Odell's henchman. Mr. Brown is spoken of by his friends in times of enthusiasm as being "next" to the Hon. Bill Ward, with all that that means.

Appearing nominally as the complainant against Mr. Brown is one Matthew H. Moore, a hack driver. The hack drivers have a great interest in the present proceedings, although it is not denied that behind them in their case is a clique of Republicans who say they want to purify Westchester politics. Last spring the New York Central leased the privilege of a hack stand at the depot here to a negro named Scott. Scott had before then boasted that he controlled the negro vote of White Plains. That he got the cab privilege has been ascribed by some to a deal between Brown and the railroad company. Brown, it is said, was desirous of Scott's votes.

The railroad company up to that time had never objected to hacks standing in front of the depot. After giving the privilege to Scott, however, war was made against the other hackmen, who were forbidden to stand in the plaza in front of the station, which the company says is railroad and not village property.

All this led to a bitter fight, which is still going on. The Board of Trustees finally passed a resolution asking the chief of police to keep the hacks away from the depot.

The Board of Trustees, it might he remarked for the benefit of those unacquainted with Westchester politics under the Hon. Bill Ward, consists of six Democrats and four Republicans. Mr. Brown has been twice their unanimous choice for village president. His political enemies say that his was the result of a deal under which the Republican machine saw to it that the Democrats were elected to the offices of county clerk and supervisor, although the rest of the Republican ticket won by a large

The action of the trustees and Brown in The action of the trustees and Brown in the hack driver case precipitated the present trouble. At a meeting last June Henry T. Dykman, a leading citizen, who took up the hackmen's cause, spoke out in a meeting of the board and accused Brown and several other trustees of being minions of the railroad company, and of riding on annual passes. An investigation was made, and the present information laid before Judge Platt is the result.

In an affidavit a man whose name is Pie has sworn that he saw Brown use an annual

has sworn that he saw Brown use an annual pass on the train going to New York on or about Feb. 10. Pie went on the train for the purpose of seeing whether Mr. Brown was a deadhead.

The charge was made several months ago. It was not untly esterday that testimony was taken. In order to prove that Brown is the holder of a pass, Col. Henderson, counsel for the complainant, had subpoensed Senator Depew, President William H. Newman of the New York Central, A. H. Smith, general manager; J. F. Fairlamb, auditor of passenger accounts, and M. T. Cowperthwait, who is in charge of Senator Depew's pass book. They were all here except President Newman.

A subpoens server had hard work to get Senator Depew, but after trailing him for eighteen hours he discovered the Senator and his wife night before last at the St. Regis. He was not admitted to the dining The charge was made several months

He was not admitted to the dining room, but waited outside and finally got the Senator. The Senator obeyed. He bore an unruffled countenance to-day. Not so the other railroad men. They appeared to

be visibly annoyed.

That the pass question has become a burning one in White Plains was plain. The court room was crowded. It was a fateful day for the deadheads.

The Senator was the real thing. It was expected that he would tell all about passes He was the first witness, and the audience hung breathless on his words.

"Do you issue passes, Senator?" Col. Henderson asked starrily.

He was the first witness, and the audience hung breathless on his words.

"Do you issue passes, Senator?" Col. Henderson asked sternly. A spectator more interested than the rest at that moment fell out of his chair. He was put back gently by a court attendant. Senator Depew pleaded guilty. He said, furthermore, than he presumed some record was kept of the passes he issued. He said he had looked in the book himself.

"I find," said the Senator, blandly, "that no pass was issued to John J. Brown or any person described as him and no such pass was issued under my authority."

A sigh went up from the court room. Senator Depew was excused. Then Col. Henderson went after A. M. Hutchinson, secretary to President Newman. He keeps the record of passes issued by President Newman. He said he hadn't found Mr. Brown's name on his book, but he extended a cordial invitation to Mr. Henderson to come and see for himself. Col. Henderson said he would.

Alfred H. Smith, general manager, came next. He also issues annual passes. He hadn't issued any pass to Mr. Brown, either.

"I don't know him, even by sight," he said.

J. H. Fairlamb said he had looked over

H. Fairlamb said he had looked over found no record of Mr. Brown's pass. Col. Henderson seemed disappointed. He wanted to know why the witness hadn't brought the records for trains No. 5 and No. 23. He was sure, he said, Brown rode

on one or the other.

"I don't see why I should bring them,"
replied the witness. "There is no record
of such a pass."

"That's pass."

of such a pass."

"That's your own conclusion," snapped Col. Henderson, who was plainly annoyed. Lawyer Paulding for the company then consulted with the officials and ended by extending another cordial invitation to Mr. Henderson to come down and see for himself. Mr. Henderson promised he would. There was nothing for the Judge to do then but postpone the hearing, and White Plains went home disappointed.

(Col. Henderson said yesterday that the pass had been seen by a pair of good eyes

rass had been seen by a pair of good eyes and that he would unearth the record of it if he had to subpena every conductor on the road. It is said that recently White the road. It is said that recently white Plains commuters have even shown an aversion to using trip tickets, fearing that they may be mistaken for passes. The next hearing on the pass question was set for Sept. 23. Meanwhile the kettle boils.

Bishop and Wife Hurt in Runaway. CINCINNATI, Sept. 9.—Bishop J. M. Walden, retired, of the Methodist Church, and his wife were seriously hurt in a runaway to-day. Mrs. Walden's arm was broken and the Bishop was badly bruised.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Collars are lower, and the man who wears a high one nowadays must realize that he is at war with the fashions for men. Few of the shops that cater to the most particular clientèle are offering any high collars, and haberdashers are urging thir customers to buy collars of medium height.

Theatrical companies that are still rehearsing will next week have to give up for several days the halls they are eccupying. There are few halls which have not been occupied since the beginning of August, and, although there is less activity there now, most of them are still in use by the actors. But nearly all of them have been rented for the coming Jewish religious hol days. Favorite cantors are advertised to sing at the services, for which various prices are charged in the different halls. In some as much as \$1.50 admittance will be asked. After the three holidays the actors will return to their places to finish rehearsals. ing. There are few halls which have not

A New York woman had a music box to e repaired and sent for a Swiss expert, lately landed. When the time came to pay the bill she was in the Adirondacks and wasn't sure that she had the righ address, so she wrote to find out. The address was all right and she got this letter by return

mail:

MY DEAR MADAM: I am very much thankful and grateful for your kind communication and thoughtfulness; for, indeed, when first I went after the work on that Swiss Musio Box I was amazed at your filosofy and such plane, charming treatment, which I only compare to a lady Princess. If you so kind, forward your communication and my humble amount to above address, which I will receive very thankful and dearly. By this, wishing you best and long of health and happiness in those wayside beautiful mountains, I remain, very respectfully,

Odd bits of timber and boards rejected by the workmen on the subway job near the Post Office are gathered up at once by children and carried home for firewood.

"Mister, will you lift that log to my sister's head," was the request to a passerby there yesterday from one of a trio of little girls. They had all of the firewood they could carry in their aprons, and one of the group stood expectant beside a block of wood fully three feet long, which must have weighed nearly as much as her tiny self. She had a handkerchief coiled like a turban on her head in the manner of Italian women.

The request was so odd that it had to be need to several before any one said heed.

made to several before any one paid heed to it. Finally, when a willing person lifted up the block and set it on the handkerchief there was a little group gathered about to see the child walk off.

Unusual evidence of the spread of cigarette smoking among women was furnished the other night on an open car on the Third avenue elevated line. A woman who sat in the last seat calmiy took a package of cizarettes from her pocket and lighted one of them. The surprised looks of the men smokers who sat near her didn't appear to worry her in the least, and when she finished the first cigarette she lighted another woman appeared to be a native born Ameri-can in not overprosperous circumstances.

His face was so gloomy and he was so evidently downcast as he sat in a car returning from Sheepshead Bay the other evening that a cheerful soul who sat next to him sympathetically asked what the trouble

"I was blamed fool enough to play a hunch," said the melancholy one. "It was such a good hunch too, so good, I thought, that I went out and touched all my friends. You see my wife's name is Dorothy, but I always call her Dolly. The other day my little girl was very naughty and made a face at her mother.

"'Dolly, spank her,' I said

face at her mother.

"'Dolly, spank her,' I said.

"Then it came to me all at once that a cracking good three-year-old named Dolly Spanker was entered in the Omnium Handicap at the track. Why, it looked like a message from heaven. I handed the bookles all I could raise. Dolly loped in third. Money's gone and I've got the other Dolly to recken with now."

"Tough luck," said the sympathetic man. "Hunches ain't no good nohow."

A few weeks ago THE SUN made public in this column the fact that looping the of wine." Such was Queen Mary, according No ticket sold to an intoxicated person."

"You fellows pretty nearly swamped me," said the attendant to a Sun man. "For a few weeks I had every jag on Coney Island, and they're still coming, in spite of the sign."

"BLUEBELL" LIKE A HYMN TUNE Striking Similarity a Coincidence, Mr. Morse, the Composer Says.

One of the most whistled songs of the season has been "Bluebell." Its composer is Theodore Morse, formerly employed in Ditson's music store and the composer of "The Cocoanut Tree" and "I've a Feeling for You."

One of the rarely sung hymn tunes of

the Protestant Episcopal Church is "Watermouth," the name of the hymn composed by H. A. Mann in 1879 for Frances Ridley Havergal's "O Saviour, Precious Saviour." A correspondent of THE SUN, George Fentrick, has called attention to the striking similarity between the chorus of the song and the hymn. The two were subsong and the hymn. The two were sub-mitted yesterday to a musician in charge of the publishing department of a large music house. He played both numbers through on the plane and to the lay ear

they were identical.

There is a little change in the rhythm, "There is a little change in the rhythm, for the song chorus is in march time," he said, "but the notes of the melody are identical. It may be that Mr. Morse never heard of the hymn and the identity of the

heard of the hymn and the identity of the two compositions may be entirely accidental. It can be said that they really are the same air and could not well be more alike."

The composer of "Bluebell" has drawn large royalties from the sale of the song. He is connected with a song publishing concern in West Thirty-seventh street.

"I never saw or heard of that hymn 'Watermouth' to my knowledge," Mr. Morse told a Sun reporter yesterday, "and Morse told a Sun reporter yesterday, and if 'Bluebell' resembles it so strongly it is mere coincidence. I have a German song

if 'Bluebell' resembles it so strongly it is mere coincidence. I have a German song written years ago that is very much like the chorus of 'Bluebell,' which I heard after the song had been published, and finally got hold of it with great difficulty.

"Then there is a little Figlish song called 'The Star,' published more than fifty years ago. I heard of it after 'Bluebell' was popular, and after a great deal of difficulty I got hold of it. They are very much alike, almost the same, but I had never seen it before my attention was called to it. Only a short time ago a man sent me a song from London which he had written some time ago, and wrote me that I ought to be ashamed to steal his song. It was like 'Bluebell.' I sent him back the two old songs as an answer."

FELL DEAD IN HIS OFFICE.

Vice-President of the Mountain Ice Co. Stricken With Heart Discase.

Addison G. Vreeland, vice-president of the Mountain Ice Company, died suddenly of heart disease yesterday morning while seated at his desk in the company's office in the Hudson Trust Company's building at Newark and Hudson streets, Hoboken. He was talking with Henry W. Bahrenberg, the president, about business matters when he was stricken. Mr. Vreeland lived at 53 West 104th street, New York. His body was removed to his late home in the afternoon.

Farley Chaplain of the A. O. H.

Archbishop Farley yesterday was appointed national chaplain of the A. O. H. and its women's auxiliary. The appointment came in the form of a letter from the national president, James E. Dolan of Syracuse, N. Y., who had early in the sum-mer consulted the Archbishop and found bim willing to accept the post. NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Hewlett's Queen Mary. For some time in Maurice Hewlett's story of "The Queen's Quair" (The Macmillan Company) Mary Queen of Scots seems to trouble herself very little about the so-called lords of creation, the men. It may be that Bothwell interests her in a slight measure, mainly because of his strong laugh and aggressive jaw, but the Queen's favorite companionship is afforded by Mary Livingstone and the other attending ladies. As to Queen Mary's personal appearance, it is here very minutely reported. Shortly after the death of her husband, the sickly little King Francis, she was visited by her uncle the Cardinal of Lorraine, who found her among her maids in a room that was dark and hot and heavy with some sweet scent that he found himself unable to approve. Mr. Hewlett sketches her at this moment:

"A tall, slim girl, petted and pettish, pale (yet not unwholesome), chestnut haired, she looked like a flower of the heat, lax and delicate. Her skin-but more, the very flesh of her-seemed transparent, with color that warmed it from within, faintly, with a glow of fine rose. They say" and this we do not for an instant believe-"that when she drank you could see the red wine like a fire down her throat." We say we do not believe it; still, there is not wanting additional testimony as to her surprising transparency. "Others have re-ported that her heart could be discerned beating within her body and raying out a ruddy light, now fierce, now languid, through every crystal member."

The cool eyes of her uncle the Cardinal were not quite fitted to see these extreme manifestations of Mary's circulation. His estimates of feminine beauty were made up rather cautiously. He "admitted her clear skin, admitted her patent royalty, but, differing from Mary Livingstones opinion, denied that she was a beautiful girl-even for a queen. Her nose, he judged, was too long, her lips were too thin, her eyes too narrow. He detested her trick of the sidelong look. Her lower lids were rather straight, her upper rather heavy; between them they gave her a sleepy appearance, sometimes a sly appearance, when, slowly lifting, they revealed the glimmering hazel of the eyes themselves." Hazel, with great possibilities of change, sometimes yellow, some times black, according to the light, like

the eyes of a cat. Perhaps she was not beautiful, though our firm opinion, after reading, is that she must have been. At any rate that unemotional judge the Cardinal concluded that she was fine. "Fine she was all oversharply, exquisitely cut and modelled; her sweet smooth chin, her amorous lips, bright red where all else was pale as a tinged rose; her sensitive nose; her broad, high brows; her neck which two hands could hold la careless measurement here, since almost any neck can be so held] her small shoulders and bosom of a child. And then her hands, her waist no bigger than a stalk, her little feet! She had sometimes an intent, considering, wise lookthe look of the Queen of Desire, who knew not where to set the bounds of her need, but revealed to no one what that was."

But outright and bold in some particulars. "Belying that look askance of herssly, or wise, or sleepy, as you choose her voice was bold and very clear, her manners were those of a lively, graceful boy, her gestures quick, her spirit impatient and entirely without fear. Her changes of mood were dangerous; she could wheedle the soul out of a saint, and then fling it back to him as worthless because it had been so easily got. She wrote a beautiful bold hand, loved learning, and petting, and a choice phrase. She used perfumes and dipped her body every day in a bath loop is a great process to sober up on.
And now there's a new sign beside the loop-the-loop wagon. It reads:

"Not tiplet seed to a new sign beside the loop the loop wagon. It reads:

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"Not tiplet seed to a new sign beside the loop t the bath of wine, so as not to be sticky.

Mary Livingstone was dreadfully jealous of the Earl of Bothwell when he came into the story. We suppose that he must be considered as a dangerous man, calculated to woo an erratic woman from her feminine associates. A duly wicked man to begin with, "a galliard of the type esteemed in France by those-and they were manywho pronounced vice to be their virtue. A galliard, as they say, if ever there was one, flushed with rich blood, broad shouldered, square jawed, with a laugh so happy and so prompt that the world, rejoicing to hear it, thought all must be well wherever he might be."

We have seen the Earl of Bothwell's counterfeit in a picture that is held in high historical esteem, and he there looks as though wild horses could not draw a laugh from him; but we are quite willing to think Queen Mary's lover as a gentleman of a highly merry vein. He has excited our interest as he is here. "He wore brave clother, sat a brave horse, kept brave company 'oravely." It is our opinion, gathered wholly and readily from the story, that he needed to be quite brave in order to cut out Mary Livingstone and the others. The Queen beat him in transparency, but not in coloration. "His high color, while it betokened high feeding, got him the credit of good health."

It is momentarily disturbing to find the Larl compared to an uneralted domestic animal, but we still believe that we can understand and respect his romantic and amatory power. "His little eyes twinkled so merrily [they are large, gloomy eyes in the picture to which we have alluded! that you did not see they were like a pig's. sly and greedy at once, and bloodshot. His tawny beard concealed a jaw underhung, a chin jutting and dangerous. His mouth had a cruel twist; but his laughing hid that, too. The bridge of his nose had been broken; few observed it or guessed at the brawl which must have given it to him. Frankness was his great charm, careless ease in high places, an air of 'take me or leave me. I go my way'; but some mockery latent in him, and the suspicion that whatever you said or did he would have you in derision-this was what first drew Queen Mary to consider him. And she grew to look for it-in those twinkling eyes, in that quick mouth; and to wonder about it, whether it was with him alwaysasleep, at prayers, fighting, furious, in love. In fine, he made her think."

A great many people enter into the story after Mary gets to Scotland, and they are followed so faithfully and considered so minutely that the reading is not always quite easy. The Queen made very careful observations of John Knox when he came to see her. "Singly her thoughts came, one on the heels of the other; her first: This man is very tall; the second, He looks kind: the third, He loves a jest; the fourth, which stayed long by her, The deep wise eyes he hath. In a long head of great bones and little flesh those far set, farseeing, large, considering eyes shone like lamps in the daylight-full of power at command, kept in control, content to wait. They told her nothing, yet she saw that they had a store behind. No doubt but the flame was there. If the day made it mild, in the dark it would beacon men. She saw

of a prophet, the shoulders and height of a mountaineer. In one large hand he held his black bonnet; the other was across his breast hidden in the folds of his cloak. There was no man present of his height save Lethington, and he looked a weed.

There was no man (within her knowledge) of his patience, save the Lord James; and she knew him at heart a coward. Peering through her narrowed eyes for those few seconds, she had the fancy that this Knox was like a ragged granite cross, full of runes, wounded, weather fretted, twiated awry. Yet her four thoughts persisted: He is very tall, he looks kind, he loves a jestand oh! the deep wise eyes he hath! Nothing that he did or spoke against her afterward moved the roots of those opinions. She may have feared, but she never shrank from the man."

Queen Mary was pleased when she heard that Bothwell had laid a plan to abduct her and make her his mistress. Some of Mary's imaginings about Bothwell, as described in the story, we should not care to quote. There is something on page 93 that offends the taste, and even disturbs the stomach. Bothwell and his red mouth and his pig eyes ought to be kept within some sort of bounds after all. For the most part, however, the story permits us to share the Earl's faculty, and to laugh. Sitting alone, and very still, she wrough her hardest to be offended at this tale"that Bothwell was to run off with her-"as became a sovereign lady. She bit her red lip over it, frowned, covered her eyesacting a horror which she could not feel. Resolutely then she uncovered them again to look it in the face and see it at the worst-But what she saw, and exulted to see, was a Man. And the face of the man was broad jowled, flushed, and had a jutting under jaw; its mouth snarled as it laughed, its eyes were bloodshot and hardily wicked, it was bearded from the throat. Wicked, daring, laughing Bothwell-hey, yes, but a Man!"

We were sorry for Mary Livingstone when we read this: but still we found ourselves able to laugh.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters.

Dr. George C. Williamson's new edition of "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" (Macmillans), has reached the ourth volume, and another volume will complete the work. Here we have the artists included between the letters N and R. The last letter is big with great painters Raphael, Guido Reni, Ribera. Rembrandt, Tintoretto (Jacopo Robusti), Salvator Rosa, Ruysdael and Rubens. It is especially important for English painters, for Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn and Dante Gabriel Rossetti belong under it, not to mention John Ruskin. The biographies are written from the latest information by competent authorities, and have been revised and done over when necessary—especially in the case of Italians, who have been subjected to the newer criticism. The photogravures are very fine, but the process pictures are a blot on what will be a standard reference book. The lists of works appended to the article on each artist are valuable helps-

English for the field it covers.

here are nine columns in very fine type for

l'intoretto, for instance. The "Dictionary

will prove as useful a source of accurate,

condensed information as can be found in

A specimen of another attractive series of books, gotten up in England in handy pocket shape, with limp leather covers.
"The Red Letter Library." comes to us from the American publishers, the H. M. Caldwell Company. The volume is "A Seventeenth Century Anthology," selected, with an introduction, by Mrs. Alice Meynell. It is unavoidable that such a book should be compared with that monument of exquisite good taste, Sir Francis Furner Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of nglish Lyrics," and it must suffer by the comparison. Mrs. Meynell seems to have only pieces that could be given in full. She also has taken care that no piece that was in the least suggestive should appear. an embarrassing standard to set for seventeenth century poets. As a result, some well known poems are omitted and many poets are represented very inadequately. It seems a mistake o give up so much space to authors whose works are easily accessible, like Milton or George Herbert at the cost of others, whose works are found with greater difficulty and whose whole reputation rests on the few lyrics that have survived, like Suckling, for instance. The introduction is very light, but very enthusiastic. The page of this volume is handsome with large type and red titles, but the paper could be improved. It shows the type on the reverse.

Games of all sorts in tremendous numbers have been gathered by Mrs. Burton Kingsland in "The Book of Indoor and Outdoor Games" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Many of these are absolutely new to us, while others are the familiar garnes that apparently go back to the origin of man. At least half the volume is given up to "entertainments for special occasions." arranged by months, but also including various forms of parties, and directions for the proper celebration of successive wedding anniversaries. One charm of the book is the omission of card games and sports that require elaborate rules. The

author's idea of a game involves amusement and not hard work. Dr. John P. Peters, who explored Nippur. delivered an interesting series of lectures last winter before the Bangor Theological Seminary on "Early Hobrew Story. Its Historical Background." These are published now in book form by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is notable that in these lectures delivered by an Episcopal clergyman before Congregational theologians no idea of the "divine inspiration" of the Scriptures seems to be entertained. The Old Testament history is tested by archeological discoveries and by "higher criticism" formulas, both, apparently, accepted as of coordinate value by lecturer and hearers. Dr. Peters has written a very interesting volume, avoiding technicalities for the sake of clearness, and has put the results of the latest investigations within easy reach of the general public.

The career of the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency is described in a rather fulsome eulogy, intended, we suppose, for campaign purposes, "The Life and Speeches of Hon. Charles Warren Fairbanks," by William Henry Smith, a relative, we are led to infer (Wm. B. Burford, Indianapolis). The speeches, which show Mr. Fairbanks's position regarding public affairs, are of value. Uneventful though the life of a successful lawyer and politician in Indiana may be, we fancy that it might have been told well by a competent biographer, who, probably, would have refrained from turning the incidents of Mr. Fairbanks's youth and early struggles into an attempt at a picture of a Sabbath school hero.

It seems strange in the twentieth century to find among English speaking people an enthusiastic positivist, who still preaches Comte and his philosophy as an accepted gospel. Yet, here is Prof. John K. Ingram, LL. D., of Trinity College, Dublin, the Ingram who in his youth wrote "Who Dares raven's beak, a fleshy mouth, the beard to Speak of '987" offering, in all serious- right to make such use of the old Webster

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Charles Scribner's Sons - - New York

THE LOVES OF EDWY

ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

Miss O'Neill is known as an illustrator, but in this unique love story she has proved her dual capacity of author as well as illustrator, and all lovers of her well known art will be glad to possess this book for the sake of the elegant collection of pictures as well as for the story itself.

As a love story it is par excellence, following with perfect sureness of touch the romance of three interlacing lives from its beginning in childish attachment to the flowering forth of a

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ness, "Practical Morals. A Treatise on as he chooses, it is regrettable that in form, Sir Mortimer, by Mary Johnston. Black, London). This is an elaboration in thoroughly positivist spirit of Comte's "Treatises on Theoretic and projected Practical Morals," and, as filling an uncompleted part of a philosophic edifice by one who can accomplish the task authoritatively, is undoubtedly interesting. Still, it is queer how a man in Dr. Ingram's place should fail to note that the world is moving and should pay no heed to the failure of Comte's schemes for the improvemen

of mankind. To the great body of people who still take "Ben Hur" seriously Mr. Will Carleton's "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse is a classic. It is recited and read all over the country, whatever purists may think of it. The Harpers have prepared a very handsome holiday edition of the poem, with decorative borders and many illustrations by W. E. Mears.

The sermons by Phillips Brooks included "Seeking Life and Other Sermons" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) make up the tenth series of his sermons published by that firm, and the editor declares that, though there is still abundant material available, this volume will be the last. The twenty-one sermons are taken from all periods in his iife and will perpetuate the influence of the man, who stands out since his death, even more than before, above the office he last

With the second volume Mr. Thomas C Dawson completes the history of "The South'American Republics" in the "Story of the Nations" series (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) We can imagine no book that is wanted more than an adequate history of these countries, but that Mr. Dawson's history is not. In this volume he surveys Peru, Chile, Bolivia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Colombia and Panama. The most practical method would have been to tell the story of Spanish America from the beginning through the war of liberation once and for all, and then to take up the modern history of the States into which South America broke up. Instead, we have the story repeated for each one and so little space left for subsequent matters that the dryest encyclopedia will give more information. The maps, as usual, are baurdly inadequate.

We have been unable to discover the novelty that warrants the intrusion of Webster's Imperial Dictionary" (George W. Ogilvie, Chicago) into the dictionary field. From the title page we gather that it is the old familiar Webster as edited by the late President Noah Porter, with certain additions and "improvements." Presumably, therefore, the copyright of the old edition has expired, and it is open to any one who chooses to reprint that edition. It is a pity that there should be no perpetual copyright in Noah Webster's name. The changes made in later editions issued in the regular way, which, as we now understand it, are now represented by "Webster's International Dictionary," could not, of course, be copied. So here we find the "improvements." Instead of Prof. as could be used, for no copyright covers them. So with the articles and appended lists of names, they have been done over after a fashion, but are in no way comparable to those found in the revised Webster. While, no doubt, the publisher has now a

the get-up, and particularly in its name this edition should resemble so closely another established edition as to be likely to mislead the public easily. It has th merit of being sold at a very low price.

Books Received.

"Money." David Kinley, Ph. D. (Macmillans.)
"The American Constitutional System." Westel
Woodbury Willoughby. (The Century Co.)
"At Home With the Jardines." Lilian Bell. "At Home with the Jardines." Linan Bell.
(L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

"Up Through Childhood." George Allen Hubbell, Ph. D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Shelburne Essays. First Series." Paul Elmer
More. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"A Defence of Bridge." Badsworth. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) "The Great Frenchman and the Little Genevese." Etlenne Dumont; translated by Lady Seymous (Duckworth & Co.; G. P. Putnam's Sons.) "The Master's Violin." Myrtle Reed. (G. P

Putnam's Sons.)
"Lives of the Presidents of the United States. (W. B. Conkey & Co., Chicago.)
"The Poultry Book. Part XII." Harrison Welr, edited by Willis Grant Johnson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) "The Lav of the Last Minstrel." Sir Walter Scott; edited by Ralph Hartt Bowles. (Macmil-lans.) lans.)

"A History of Education in the United States."

Edwin Grant Dexter, Ph. D. (Macmillans.)

"The President." Alfred Henry Lewis. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

"Imperator et Rex. William II. of Germany."

(Harpers.)

"The Georgians." Will N. Harben. (Harpers.)

"The Castle Comedy." Thompson Buchanan. "The Castle Comedy." Thompson Buchanan.
(Harpers.)
"Every Day Essays." Marion Foster Washburne.
(Rand, McNally & Co.)
"The Red Window." Pergus Hume. (G. W.
Dillingham Company.)
"The Chief Signal Book." J. J. O'Reilly. (The
Chief Publishing Co.)
"How the United States Became a Nation." John
Fiske. (Ginn & Co.)
"Pitman's Commercial Speller." (Isaac Pitman
& Sons.)

THE INTERLOPER.

PUBLICATIONS.

The success of "The Interloper' in England suggests a similar popularity here. In England The Athenæum, The Spectator and the Saturday Review give it very high

In this country the New York Times says: degree the work of the Cortlandt. Singlet in order, ribbons free machines sold from 20 to 80% less than manufacturent prices. S. WEBSTER CO., 10 Park pl.; telephone, 8870 masters;" and

The Sun declares it "as dramatic and as the "improvements." Instead of Prof.
Sheldon's masterly and authoritative etymologies, for instance, we find such of
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acting lover of fiction

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makes at bargain prices. could desire." (\$1.50) "THE INTERLOPER," \$1.50 at all Bookstores.

in America PUBLISHERS The Work's DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY TAUGHT, Dress patterns cut to fit. McDOWELL SCHOOL.

PUBLICATIONS

HARPERS BOOK NEWS

A LADDER OF SWORDS

This is the first novel that Sir Gilbert Parker has written since "The Right of Way." The author calls it "a tale of love, laughter, and tears,"-and it is the romantic life story of two young people, first on the island of Jersey and, later, at Queen Elizabeth's court. Scenes of idyllic charm are interspersed with strong dramatic episodes, written with the same masterly power that produced "The Right of Way." The pictures are unusually at-

VERGILIUS

Turning from stories of rural life, so successfully achieved in 'Eben Holden" and "Dr'i and I," Irving Bacheller has produced in "Vergilius" a brilliant picture of the dawn of the Christian era. The quaint and pretty love tale, suffused with the glamor of pagan mysticism, rounds to a beautiful, thrilling close at Bethlehem on the eve of the Nativity. The work will be a revelation and pleasing surprise to the thousands of readers of "Eben Holden."

JESS & CO.

A new story by J. J. Bell that will rank with his popular "Wee Macgreegor" stories in originality, humor and charm. The people of the story are various members of a little Scotch village, and their gossip abounds in the same dry humor and keen repartee which marked the author's success in his former books. "Jess & Co." has all the true feeling of "Wee Macgreegor," and in addition offers a variety and charm wholly its own.

JOSEPHINE

A new book for girls, by Ellen Douglas Deland, following the adventures of Josephine and her little sister, who go to live with an uncle in the East. Their names-"Joe and Georgie"lead him to think the newcomers are boys, and this is only one of the many surprises and delightful turns of this entertaining LEADING FICTION OF THE YEAR.

A romance of Elizabethan days of such poetry and charm that it rivals in interest all current-day tales of adventure.

Rulers of Kings, by Gertrude Atherton.

It possesses a supreme interest over the fiction of the hour, because of its unique and daring exposition of present-day conditions. Bruver Jim's Baby, by Philip Verrill

Skeezucks is a new creation in babyland, a quaint and pathetic unit of humanity, and Bruvver Jim as a masculine Madonna of the plains is worth knowing.

Breaking Into Society, by George Ade. The latest fables in slang of our modern Aesop. They are as irresistible as ever, and written in the same picturesque dialect that has made George Ade famous.

The Memoirs of a Baby, by Josephine

This is the most novel and successful thing Josephine Daskam has done. With the live drawings by F. Y. Cory which accompany the pages, it is quite the funniest book of the year.

HARPER&BROTHERS

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. REV. THOMAS J. STEVENSON,

of Hannibal, Mo...
will preach on Sept. 11,
Services commence at 11 A. M. and 420 P. M.
Morning topic: "The Conquering Might of The
Flernal Christ."
Afternoon topic: "The Secret Source of Christian
Discipleship."
Strangers are cordially invited.

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